

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE. FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH.

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SEPTUAGINT CIRCULATION. 50,085

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of September, 1913, was 50,085.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of October, 1913. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

The London News wants Minister Creden recalled. There are others.

The "V" is to go from the \$5 piece. Along with the \$5 from most of us.

Hands off, Mr. Foreign Powers, your Uncle Samuel will attend to his own knitting.

Is Mrs. Pankhurst's slim "first night" crowd a slam at "free" advertising or not?

Every time a new game law goes into effect, the guides indulge one more vain hope for their safety.

"Don't throw away your 2-percents," advises Secretary McAdoor. Gee, why didn't he tell us sooner?

The two epochs of history in Pennsylvania are those surrounding William Penn and Home-Run Baker.

Why not deputize Gene Foss to go down and run for president of Mexico on any old ticket he can land on?

The epidemic that places the amount of tornado relief distributed in Omaha at \$590,000 is far below the mark.

After all, Huerta's idea that Mexico is more fitted for a dictator than popular self-government may not be so very far wrong.

When Nebraska land is thrown upon the market for homesteading, any wonder the people rush in from all directions to get it?

It does seem as if Hobson were more of a success as a yellow perilist than a senatorial candidate—against Oscar Underwood.

The Missouri coal supply is estimated as sufficient to last indefinitely. And is that the reason the prices jump up every now and then?

Just wait until next year, and Nebraska will furnish the country with one of the finest wet and dry flights ever pulled off in the political prize ring.

Secretary Bryan's call through his Commons for a backfire to "accelerate" the surrender of our senatorial Ajax seems to be getting its response.

To meet the physical examination test, Chicago's women police must weigh somewhere between 115 and 150 pounds. In other words, they must weigh about whatever they please.

Some folks may recall that a recall petition is supposed to be in actual circulation hereabouts. Perhaps a want ad might bring information as to present location and condition.

Owing to the urgency of public business President Wilson may have to give up a contemplated trip. Oh, it's all right, so long as Secretary Bryan does not have to cancel any more paid lecture dates.

European nations are to understand that they must keep hands off in Mexico if they want to hold the favor of Uncle Sam. It ought to be unnecessary, however, to warn them not to seize the hot end of a poker.

Strange that almost everyone outside the coterie on the board that "fired" Dr. Thomas without charges and without a hearing sides with the educator. If the politicians have any good and sufficient reasons they owe it to themselves to make them known to the public.

The Code of Legal Ethics.

Of all professions, presumably governed by a special code of ethics, that of the lawyer would naturally be expected to rank first in the matter of observing these rules of common honesty.

That crooked lawyers are too common, no reputable lawyer will deny, but if a legal crook has ever been disbarred from practice in our local courts, it must have been so far back that people cannot remember.

Small Farmer and Meat Supply.

It is quite agreed that a larger production of live stock by the small farmer would tend to simplify the problem of meat supply and cost to the consumer, but as Mr. Spillman, the agriculturist in charge of farm management in the bureau of animal industry, suggests, the small farmer, no more than the large farmer, is in the business purely for his health or philanthropy.

It seems superfluous to recount the multiplicity of factors, such as the machinery of retail trade, fastidious tastes and demands of consumers, militating against lower original costs, but nevertheless these things all have to be considered as parts of this problem.

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Clean Living Pays.

Many sermons have been preached on the value of clean living among athletes, especially professional ball players. The great Mathewson is constantly held up as an object lesson of what a clean life may accomplish in base ball.

But the same principle holds good in all athletics. Farmer Burns and Bill Muldoon, and even Frank Gotch, stand forth as examples of it in the "ancient and honorable game" of wrestling.

The "Habitual" Criminal.

A few weeks ago The Bee called attention to, and commented on, the observations of an experienced woman prison worker, narrated in an article in Scribner's, knocking the props out from under various commonly accepted fictions about convicts.

In the first place, we are reminded that our definition of the habitual criminal, or classification of him, is purely arbitrary, based not upon the number of offenses he may have committed but upon the number of times he has been caught at it and sentenced.

Again, it is the prevailing impression spread on faith, as if requiring no proof, that the influence of the older and hopeless convicts is constantly exerted to teach crime to the younger ones.

It is almost needless to advert to the fact that all our social stage-setting is particularly arranged to keep the convict down after he comes out of prison, and that the easy thing for him to do is to do it over again, and the hard thing for him to do is to get on his feet, maintain his self-respect and earn an honest livelihood.

Why, sure, if it can be done in Omaha, it can be done in every other city, and it can be done by the state and nation as well. Let our democratic United States senator sponsor the plan of his bonum friend Howell to levy a special occupation tax of at least 15 per cent on all the railroads of the country and return them their money gradually in exchange for the property.

Hurrah! George Fred Williams, who has been hewing wood and carrying water for Mr. Bryan nearly twenty years blindly without asking questions, is to have his reward in an appointment as minister to Greece.

But why didn't he think of that in connection with the purchase of the water works in which the people of Omaha were stung to the tune of nearly \$7,000,000? Why didn't he save our money for us by putting a tax of 15 per cent on the old water company, and then buying the plant back with the company's own money?

All social workers agree that it is not necessary for a city to tolerate street corner beggars capitalizing sympathy for maimed limbs, or lost eyesight. If these unfortunates have a rightful claim upon society, which many of them do have, they should be provided for in another way.

During his experience as a commercial traveler Secretary of Commerce and Labor Redfield aimed to put all the good towns he could on his route, which explains why he is including Omaha in his official itinerary this time.

The Russian Jew in America.

An accepted public school authority says children of Russian Jewish families lead in their class room work, which they pursue with zeal akin to a passion.

John L. Taylor of the county clerk's office left for Denver and the mountains, taking his first vacation for many years.

Dr. S. D. Marcer capped the climax of a lively preliminary campaign by filing his candidacy for the nomination for mayor on the "citizens'" ticket.

Judges Ogden and Keyser exchanged dockets in the district court, the former taking the criminal bench, and the latter the first time since assuming official duties Mayor George P. Bemis threw aside the worries of office and entered upon a vacation.

Erna Kendall and his company opened at the Boyd in "The Vinegar Buyer," and The Bee said that Erna's humor was not all vinegar, that it had just enough acid to give it the proper tang and keep it from spoiling.

Mayor Moore went into the committee room and conferred with the new city council for the first time and an agreement was reached that he should veto an appropriation for street and bridge repairs, as the general fund lacked the wherewithal to make it.

Such a vast peace spectacle as this naval display will make, the ceremonies at Washington, at Hampton Roads and at San Francisco, cannot but aid mightily in the movement for the solidarity of the nations and for the reduction of armaments by common consent.

This country's beef exports for eight months that ended in August, 1913, were valued at \$4,000,000 and in the corresponding period this year the beef exports reached in value a scant \$1,000,000.

England expects to import meat from South Africa, but inasmuch as it is understood that the business is to be conducted along modern American lines it is hard to see how the ultimate consumer will be any to the good.



OCTOBER 26. Thirty Years Ago—A chautauqua literary and scientific circle inaugurated in Omaha is following the prescribed course of study.

The Omaha circle now numbers twenty-nine students and meets in the lecture room of the First Methodist Episcopal church.

Handbills for gallery distribution have been given up by the opera house manager requesting patrons to applaud only by clapping of hands instead of by whistling or shouting.



An immense pelican, shot north of Omaha, hangs with wings outstretched in front of a Farnam street fish market.

Rev. M. L. Haney is to conduct a series of revival meetings in the South Omaha Methodist Episcopal church in conjunction with Rev. J. W. Stewart, the pastor.

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People and Events

Chicago is about to launch a society organized to teach thrift. The fact that a fortune teller trimmed the residents for \$300,000 in two years implies a large field for the activities of the society.

Despite the vile wickedness of New York about which the natives scream for campaign purposes, the staid old town has \$4,000,000 worth of new churches ready for the fall opening.

Galveston's record of eleven inches of rainfall in twelve hours puts the city hopefully beyond the dry belt of Texas. Houston, distanced, grieves mightily as it hangs out the sign, "Excuse my dust."

A New York girl has broken the type-writing record by averaging 135 words a minute for an hour. Just imagine what these speedy fingers would do if they undertook to miss a "mere man's" hair.

Dr. Friedman of Berlin announces that he is coming over to visit the American patients who took his treatment. Many of them are reported out of sight and hardly in shape to recognize a glad hand.

Whoever doubts the ability of the Chinese to decorate their civilization with occidental frills has another guess coming. A Peking surfragger the other day started out to lick an offensive editor, and was felled only by the superior sprinting ability of the scribe.

The most attractive and entertaining writer who has appeared at a wedding in recent years is Mr. Erick of Pittsburgh. Mr. Erick's uncommon talent was displayed in a check for \$120,000 in favor of his son, the bridegroom, and another for \$200,000 handed to the bride. No stager money about it, either.

Back in Philadelphia a forgotten law which provides stone pile exercises for wife deserters was flashed before a wealthy manufacturer who shook his family and home. A photo of a stone pile and a hefty hammer or a cash penalty of \$1,000 were put up to him and given his choice. Did he dig? Sure. Mike; real money, too.

GYMNICAL MUSINGS.

A girl shouldn't allow her waist line to be the line of least resistance.

Silence may be golden, but you can't buy the still small voice of conscience.

Some people are so fond of borrowing trouble that they never get out of debt.

Our sins may find us out, but they have an unpleasant habit of calling again. It doesn't take much to please a lot of people who are pleased with themselves.

Intellectual growth shouldn't necessarily cause a man's head to outgrow his hat. The fellow who always wants to get something for nothing can always get in a free fight.

Some people ought to wear smoked glasses for fear they might have to look on the bright side of life.

The average woman not only wants the last word, but about 90 per cent of the preceding conversation as well.

There is a good bit of counterfeit virtue in the world, in spite of the fact that it is supposed to be its own reward.

Many a woman puts everything she has on her back, but you would never suspect it when you see her in a ball gown.—New York Times.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

Any time a man is a good loser you can bet he didn't lose much.

You can always scare a girl by telling her she is getting fat.

Did you ever know a man who wasn't a crack ball player and a great runner when he was a boy?

Any man who has seven hairs that he can brush carefully across his dome always feels sorry for a bald-headed man.

A bald-headed man has a supreme contempt for a long-locked job who doffs his hat every time a woman enters an elevator.

Men's trousers are to be closer fitting this winter. The day may come when father can take two of daughter's hobbie skirts and make himself a pair of pants.

When a widow marries the second time she knows the honeymoon has ended when her husband begins hinting about what she did with the insurance money.

Many a June bride who imagined she would do nothing but occupy a throne is now down in the cellar trying to get the clinkers out of the furnace so the blame thing will work.

When a young fellow gets so he can't make a living playing pool he begins to believe that there is some truth in the claim that capitalism is crushing and oppressing the masses.

When a man takes three hours off to figure out how long the world's supply of coal will last, he feels thankful that he isn't wasting any time teaching a dog to turn back somersaults.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Three bishops preached from the curb in Wall street the other day, and such was the power of their eloquence that they got away without losing a cent.

Washington Post: If Prophet Joseph Smith wins out in his warfare against the split shirt among the wives of the Latter Day Saints it will be another vindication of minority rule.

St. Louis Republic: Recently published statistics showing that 3,000 Methodist ministers receive less than \$300 a year are defective in that they fail to reveal whether account was taken of donation parties.

Baltimore American: A high churchman says that lean men are wicked and that it is easier for fat men to be good. This is hard on the skinny contingent till they remember the well known wall, "Who loves a fat man?"

Springfield Republican: The three bishops who spoke outdoors on Wall street Wednesday and joined in singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," must have attracted listeners who thought they were going to find a bull moose rally. But the soap-box is looking up.

St. Louis Journal: Archbishop Ireland does not often appeal to the newspapers to set him right. But he has met occasion. He was recently quoted in the east as saying: "It is un-American to go across the Atlantic or the Pacific for a religion." The archbishop asks for correction. "I never could have said," the archbishop insists, "that America must not go across the Atlantic or Pacific for its religion. It must go, I said to heaven and to the Palestine of nineteen hundred years ago, where lived and spoke the messiah from heaven, the savior of mankind."

INES TO A SMILE.

Friend—Don't you think athletics in school make a boy strong? Mother—Well, they haven't made our boy strong enough to bring me up a bucket of coal.—Baltimore American.

"I suppose you know all about the tariff?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "I know all about it. I also know all about my automobile, but that's no sign that I know exactly how it's going to work."—Washington Star.

Willie—Paw, what is a free thinker? Paw—An unmarried man, son. Maw—You go to bed, Willie.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bill—They say that too much sleep is harmful. Dix—That depends. Ten hours' sleep may not hurt a man in bed, but ten seconds would be ruinous in the prize ring.—Boston Transcript.

"He says he is not worthy of me." "Let him go at that. Don't marry him and make him prove it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"So, plain, outspoken, domineering Kate is married at last. Well, well." "Yes; she married a drummer." "A man used to taking orders. Ah, that's very fortunate."—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Were you intoxicated?" "No, your honor; on the contrary, I was intentionally sober."—New York Sun.

"How can a doctor be straight in his business profits?" "Why not?" "Because they are ill-gotten gains."—Baltimore American.

Gabe—He boasts that he does business on a large scale. Steve—Yes, he's a coal dealer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOR THE LIVING.

E. A. Guet, in Detroit Free Press. If you like a brother here, Tell him so. If you hold his friendship dear, Let him know: All the roses that you spread On his bed when he is dead Are not worth one kind word said Years ago.

You can help a brother now If you will Smooth the furrows from his brow, The despair that's in his heart With a word, and ease the smart. So why cheer him now apart? Keeping still?

You can help a brother when He is here: He would hold your praises then Afterward. But absurdly you stay And withhold what you could say That would cheer him on his way For his hier.

What, I wonder, if the dead Saw and heard What is done and what is said? Would they utter in reply? Would they smile and ask us why? Would the time to help was nigh. No one stirred?

"Keep your roses for the living." They would say. "Waste no time in praises giving Us today: Strew some living brother's way so, If you like another say so, For the time to help you praise so Is but clay."

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